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THE CAREFUL AND THE CARELESS.

The careful naturally complain of the careless, more especially when connected in some joint interest. Yet the careful are often the principal cause of carelessness in others. Of every pair who enter the matrimonial state, it will invariably be found, that, though both have appeared careful enough before, the one party is so in a greater degree than the other. The unavoidable tendency of this disparity is to cause the less careful to trust to the more careful. Suppose, for instance, a pair in humble life, whose duty it is, for the sake of the general interest, that they should be on foot every morning at seven o'clock. The more careful is sure to be so to a moment: he is so by virtue of an impulse of his nature, which it is more painful to resist than to obey. The less careful (we shall suppose the less careful to be of the weaker sex) very soon remarks the punctuality of her mate, is lulled by it into a vague feeling of confidence as to the prosperity of the household, and—lies till five minutes past. The husband continues to get up exactly at seven, till he finds that the common interest is injured by his wife's self-indulgence, small as it is. He remonstrates, and, for a few mornings, by dint of a little eloquence, succeeds in keeping the lady to her hour. But the vague feeling of confidence returns; she persists in allowing herself the additional five minutes: he tires of remonstrating, which is a very troublesome thing, and finds it much easier to make up for her being five minutes too late, by being himself five minutes too early. He now rises at five minutes before seven, while she lies till five minutes past. But it is not long that the difference of duty remains thus small. Day after day adds its minute, or its half minute, or its quarter of a minute, till there is half an hour between their respective levees—three quarters—a whole hour—till, the careful not only attends to his own morning business, but, if at all possible, dispatches that of the careless also—that is to say, puts on the fire, cleans the house, and makes ready the breakfast. Such a result may be prevented, perhaps, by the conscientiousness of the parties, the one perhaps absolutely refusing to indulge the other to so great an extent, or the wife perhaps being ashamed to throw such duties upon her husband. But the tendency of the disparity is in this direction, and may be exemplified in many different degrees, as well as in many different ways. And thus a woman, who, with a less careful husband, might have manifested a constantly increasing industry and vigilance, is drawn on by a *more careful one* to exhibit a softness and self-indulgence which could not have previously been expected.

The same phenomenon is witnessed in commercial partnerships. A man of considerable activity enters into an engagement with one who rather surpasses him in that quality. Had he engaged with one of the opposite character, he would have shone out with great lustre, taken the chief place in the concern, and found every faculty roused to greater and greater energy, in exact proportion as his partner seemed to render greater exertions necessary. But now he has happened to unite himself with a person whose mind much exceeds his own in vivacity. This transcendently active person anticipates him in attendance, anticipates him in much that he designed and was most willing to do, flings himself forward on all occasions to consult with persons who call on business, and, not taking time to communicate every transaction to his fellow, soon becomes an almost exclusive depository of the secrets and general affairs of the firm. The less careful, perhaps, struggles against his fate for some time, and, under the influence of strong consci-

entiousness, takes most especial care to see all the pens properly mended, the subalterns kept in good order, and even perhaps the ledger regularly posted. But nothing can avail against the constant anticipations of his partner. He feels "cut out." And unless he can contentedly sink into some subordinate duty, which the other is content to see him perform, either his sense of degradation, or the other's open contempt for his contributions to the general interest, is apt to lead to a disunion.

All this arises from the natural tendency of the careful and active to increase their vigilance and activity in proportion as they see, or think they see cause, and the equally natural inclination of those connected with them, being less careful and active, to take advantage, knowingly or unknowingly, of the security thus forced upon them. No plurality of human beings, indeed, can associate in a common adventure, without the most careful and active almost immediately, as by a natural buoyancy, rising to the top, and assuming the command. Observe a little party of pleasure. How invariably do you find some particular member of the corps, in the midst of the general light-heartedness, taking upon himself a gravis face and an impressive manner; occasionally perhaps giving an edge or a corner of himself to the unbounded laughter which is going on, but bestowing by far the most of his attention upon matters of commissariat, and the great business of making sure that nobody has left any thing behind. What a bustling, important, useful, provoking person he is! He evidently looks upon all the rest, in their thoughtless glee, as so many children, who, if he do not take care of them, would be sure to fall into some dreadful scrape. You lament that he has so much to do, and gets so little of the fun; and he asks what would have come of you all if he had not remembered the cork-screw? All the directions are given by him. If the vehicle be a boat, he takes the helm; if a drosky, he drives: if the party be a pedestrian one, he walks ahead, looking out for the proper way, and occasionally turning about to break up the current of light-hearted discourse with some worrying topographical information—for he is determined that, since we are abroad, we shall lose nothing. Now, it is unquestionable that, in a party of pleasure, such a person is indispensable; equally unquestionable that, since such a person is never wanting to an assembly of that kind, he must just be the individual of the party, who is of the most careful turn of mind. In any given case, suppose the actual director-general to have not been there, the next most careful person must for certain have assumed the duties. Nay, strange as it may seem, there is probably not an individual in all this thoughtless company, but, in the proper circumstances, would shine out as a director-general. A person exceeding them in carefulness has only for the present enabled them to take their pleasure.

John Elshender was originally a small farmer, but, having failed in that walk of life, had removed to town, and commenced business as a cowfeeder. The extent of his stock was a couple of cows; his house, his byre, and his domestic system, were all of the humblest order; yet, like many other people in the same trade, by having every department of the business done by individuals within his own family, he contrived to make a decent subsistence. John, for his own part, had never been a hard-working man. He thought himself far best at giving directions, making markets, and planning schemes for the good of the family. No doubt he could work and did work—not a little, too—especially after commencing his new line of life. But manual exertion was not his forte. Nothing

but the strong impulse of necessity could induce him to make a hearty use of his hands. He often began the cleaning of the cow-house, but generally demitted the task, ere it was half done, to his wife Maggie, or his son Jock—having suddenly recollected that there was a slap in the hedge of the park which required to be stopped up, or a hole in his shoe which he must needs get mended, or that a lady had sent to ask about cream for a party which she was to have next day, and that it was best to go and get the order from her own lips. At length, in unloading a cart one day, John got a rack in his back, which confined him for some weeks to bed, during which Maggie and Jock had the whole work of the establishment devolved upon them. He complained much of the pain, and spoke of being "a puir object all his days." But at length, by the aid of a skilful surgeon, he was able to rise and sit by the fireside, where, it was remarked, however unfit "to do a hand's turn," he was still as ready at the giving of directions as ever. Not a single duty was performed in the course of the day by his wife and son, but John told how and when it was to be done. "Maggie, you'll do this, and, Jock, you'll do that. Gudewife, ye'll ca' out Hawky, and, Jock, you'll bring hame Crummie. It's time now to gang to the milking; or, Meg, my woman, ye had better be hingling on the dreg." He thus kept up a species of fictitious activity, serving whole pitchers of milk and cleansing worse than Augean stables without rising from his chair: and still he conceived himself to be a most useful and indispensable member of the household. By and bye, he recovered so much strength as to be able to move out of doors—could occasionally take a step to the next street to deliver a small pitcher of cream, or walk the length of the distillery to see after the supply of draff. But, when asked how he was, he never failed to put his hand to his back, assume a distressed attitude, and say, "Muckle reason to be thankful, but far frae weel." When any one inquired more particularly into the nature of his ailments, he would give a groaning account of himself and his pains, how much he suffered from the least exertion, how stiff he was in the morning, and how he feared it would never stop till it fell into his legs. He had been "muckle indebted to Doctor Bain. Naething had ever done him sae muckle gude as thae draps o' his. [Maggie, it's time to take them, I daursay.] He was threatened, too, wi' a sair hoast, that sometimes cam upon him in the night-time, and was like to carry him off bodily. And, 'deed, ae way and another, he couldna be lang spared. But there was ae comfort, that Maggie would be better without him than wi' him, frail as he now was. He was a burden baith to himsell and other folk—a puir useless craitur." Maggie, who was as good-natured as she was active, would then strike in with some cheering raillery, and, if he appeared more than usually downcast, accompany his drops with "a wee thing o' speerits, just to hand the heart aboon—for, let them say what they liked, she thought auld folk were often the better o't."

"Ay, tak a wee drappie to yoursell now, Maggie, my woman, before ye set bye the bottle; it's but a cauld morning this for out wark."

In reality, John was not by any means the poor object he represented himself to be, as was proved by the progress of events. Maggie, whose robust frame and unbroken health betokened the longest life, was hurried off by a fever. John had then to rouse himself up to the performance of a large share of what had hitherto been her duties, the remainder being attended to by Jock. In the ensuing year, Jock, hitherto a most willing slave, married a lass in the neighbourhood, who, having saved a little from her

wages, enabled him to set up for himself; and the old man was then left entirely to his own resources. For a while, by the aid of a hired female, he contrived to carry on his affairs in much the same manner as formerly; but, soon satisfying himself that, by this one plan, one or two pennies must be lost to him every week, and that there was nothing after all like a good active wife, John altogether cast aside the recollection of his racked back, made up to Jean Muirhead, a second cousin of his late spouse, and once more entered into the holy bands of matrimony. When he last came under our observation, his wife was nursing her second child in a state of rather poor health, while John had not only to milk the cows, supply them with their fodder, and carry about the milk twice a-day, but could not take a seat by the fire-side without being obliged either to keep an infant or tend a pot. The tables had evidently been fairly turned upon him, and all his self-indulgences under the active reign of Maggie were now in the course of being revenged by the hard work to which he was compelled beneath the soft and slatternly yoke of Jean.

The case of John Elshender is but one accidental illustration of a principle which will be found to hold good in many stations and circumstances. It must ever, we fear, be the lot of the active and the careful both to do and to suffer much for those who are the reverse; each party contracting from the other an exaggeration of its respective qualities. If the former should, under such circumstances, be disposed to feel aggrieved, let them console themselves with the reflection, that, after all, their qualities are the more enviable, and their enjoyments must be the purest and best.

SHIPPING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND UNITED STATES.

FROM a very early period of history, the people of Great Britain have been celebrated for their love of maritime adventure. They have for hundreds of years, but particularly since the decline of the Dutch power, been the principal ship nation in Europe, or rather of the world. We do not think this arises from their country being an island surrounded by the sea, though it may be partly influenced by such a favourable circumstance. It is more probably caused by a peculiar faculty in the minds of the race. British boys take to the water like poodles: if there be a pool, they dabble in it; if they can lay hold of a boat, there you see them in it. One might almost say that they are born sailors; for one of their earliest juvenile amusements is the construction and sailing of toy ships, and this on lakes and ponds and rivers far from the sea-coast, where actual ships were never seen.

It is somewhat remarkable, that, along the sea-coasts of France, or on the navigable rivers of that country, you seldom see either boys or men amusing themselves with boating. It seems to be a thing they either don't like or do not understand. Their recreations take quite a different turn; and one of the most striking consequences of this disposition is the total want of boats on the Seine at Paris and other places, for purposes of amusement. The ship and boat-sailing propensities of the British appear to be fully participated in by their kindred, the North Americans, who are fast overtaking them in the number, as they have already excelled them in the art of building, of their vessels. The progress of the Americans in mercantile navigation within the last forty years, is indeed one of the most surprising features in the history of that people—certainly surprising, in no mean degree, when we recollect that the advance has not been fostered by extravagant bounties on any particular kind of shipping—that little or no fuss has been made about it.

As it is probable that many of our readers do not know the relative number of British and American ships, or amount of tonnage, we may present to them the following interesting details, which we condense partly from the work of Pitkin, formerly referred to. In the year 1830, the United Kingdom and Colonies possessed 23,723 vessels, navigated by 154,609 seamen, and having the aggregate burden of 2,531,819 tons. This, however, was exclusive of fishing and canal boats, and also steam-vessels. In 1829, the steam-vessels amounted to 342, and their burden to 31,355 tons. The whole number of vessels belonging to the United States, on the 31st of December 1830, was 12,256, having (according to a calculation a year earlier) a burden of 1,260,997 tons, and navi-

gated by 67,744 seamen. Of the 12,256 vessels belonging to the United States, 943 were ships, 1371 brigs, and 343 steam-vessels, the residue being sloops and schooners. The tonnage of the American mercantile navy had increased in 1832 to 1,439,450, or fully more than a half of the registered tonnage of the United Kingdom and its Colonies, and far exceeding that of any other nation. A table given by Pitkin of the amount of American and foreign tonnage yearly entering the ports of the States, since 1789, presents us with a vivid idea of the rapid increase of commerce in the Union. In 1789, there entered the ports in the employment of the foreign trade 127,329 American, and 106,654 foreign vessels; in 1799, there were 626,495 American, and 107,563 foreign; in 1819, there were 783,579 American, and 85,554 foreign; and in 1832 there were 972,282 American, and 412,104 foreign. The coasting trade has kept pace with this increase. The tonnage of coasting vessels has nearly doubled since 1807, and is now almost equal to that in the foreign trade.

A list of the tonnages of ten of the largest ports in the United States in the year 1832, and in England in 1829 (having, says our authority, no official account of the tonnage of the particular ports in the latter, subsequent to that year) may here be given: the American ports are in italics. *New York*, 298,832—*London*, 572,835; *Boston*, 171,045—*Newcastle*, 202,379; *Philadelphia*, 77,103—*Liverpool*, 161,789; *New Bedford*, 70,550—*Sunderland*, 107,628; *New Orleans*, 61,171—*Whitehaven*, 72,967; *Portland*, 47,942—*Hull*, 72,248; *Baltimore*, 47,129—*Bristol*, 49,535; *Bath*, 33,480—*Yarmouth*, 44,134; *Salem*, 30,293—*Whitby*, 41,576; *Nantucket*, 28,580—*Scarborough*, 28,070. "It will thus be perceived (says Pitkin) that the tonnage of the ten largest ports in the United States exceeds that of the ten largest ports in England—with the exception of the port of London—about sixty-four thousand tons; and it should be borne in mind, that among the English ports, those of Newcastle, Sunderland, and Whitehaven, are included, whose tonnage is almost entirely employed in the coal trade. If, indeed, the tonnage in the English coal trade is deducted, the actual tonnage of the United States, in 1832, exceeded the remaining actual tonnage of England and Wales in 1829. And we do not hesitate to say, that the whole commercial tonnage of the United States, in proportion to their population, is considerably larger than that of the United Kingdom of Great Britain."

The principal maritime trade of the United States, both import and export, is with Great Britain and its dependencies, whence, in 1826, the imports were forty-two ninety-sixths of the whole importation. From the official report of the treasury department, it appears that the imports into the United States, during the year ending September 30, 1829, amounted to 74,492,527 dollars, of which amount 69,325,552 dollars were imported in American vessels, and 5,166,975 dollars in foreign vessels; that the exports, during the same year, amounted to 72,358,671 dollars, of which 55,700,103 dollars were of domestic produce, and 16,658,478 dollars of foreign produce; that of domestic articles, 46,974,554 dollars were exported in American vessels, and 8,725,639 dollars in foreign vessels; and of the foreign articles, 15,114,887 dollars were exported in American vessels, and 1,543,591 dollars in foreign vessels; that 872,946 tons of American shipping entered, and 944,799 cleared from, the ports of the United States; and that 130,743 tons of foreign shipping entered, and 133,006 cleared, during the same period, since which the amount of maritime traffic has considerably advanced.

"The increase of the American tonnage since 1789, has no parallel in the commercial annals of the world. In 1700, the commercial tonnage of England was estimated at 273,693, and in 1750, at 609,798, an increase in half a century of about 336,000; and the increase in the next half century was only about 660,000 tons. This tonnage included the repeated voyages, and is much greater than the actual tonnage." It therefore appears that the Americans have pretty nearly accomplished in half a century what has taken the British a thousand years to establish. The different rate of progression of the two countries in respect of shipping is at least a matter which ought to attract the grave consideration of the people of Great Britain. The leading causes of the increase of American tonnage are by no means uninteresting. Independently of the rich and agricultural resources of the country, and the advantages taken of the wars in Europe, these

have been, says the report of a committee of commerce and navigation, presented to Congress in 1830, "the removal of all the countervailing laws of the States, our commercial enterprise, and a foreign commerce without restrictions." How much does such a confession exemplify the truth of the maxim, that trade never flourishes so luxuriantly, or yields such an abundant harvest of good fruits, as when it is "let alone!"

MUSHROOM-HUNTING,

A STORY.

[From "Minor Morals for Young People, illustrated in Tales and Travels. By John Bowring. Part II.—Whittaker and Co., London; and Waugh and Innes, Edinburgh." And which we cordially recommend to the notice of parents, for the use of their families.]

"In Russia," said Mr Howard to the children, after a ramble in the country, "a great number of species of mushrooms are used for food. In England little attention is paid to this curious fungus. Their collection would not alone be a source of pleasure; but the study of their different characters would be useful, instructive, and even profitable. Some of them are delicious, others dangerous to eat; some pleasing to the palate, and others absolutely poisonous."

There lived in the neighbourhood of Moscow a family of serfs, which had obtained from their lord the permission to gather mushrooms, and to take them to the *Ochotnoi Riad*, which is the great market of the Russian capital.

"Obtained from their lord!" inquired Edith; "what does that mean?" "In Russia," said Mr Howard, "there are many millions of serfs or peasants, who are considered the property of their feudal master. They cannot, indeed, be removed from the soil on which they were born, but they are sold as the trees or the cattle there. They cannot possess property; and even their little gains are not their own, but may at any time be taken possession of by their lords. Those lords are sometimes humane enough to allow them to get money by their industry; and there are among them some who make it their pride, and boast that they possess slaves whom they can call opulent. But now to our story."

The busiest and the cleverest of the serf family was a young girl called Mashenska. She had learnt little—for it is very seldom that learning enters the log-built cottages of the Russian peasants—but nature had given her an active mind; and she had always taken a sort of pleasure in mushroom-gathering. When very young, she used to request her father to put her into the little cart in which he carried his mushrooms to market, and amused herself often, for which she sometimes got well scolded, in separating the different sorts of mushrooms more carefully than her father had been used to do.

One day, in coming home from the market, her father said that he had sold his mushrooms more easily, and the price he asked was more willingly paid than usual. Mashenska said, she verily believed the reason of her father's success consisted in the trouble she had taken, and asked leave to assort the mushrooms in future as she gathered them. The old man smiled and stroked his beard, for all the Russians wear beards, and said, '*Kharasho*,' which means, in English, 'it is well,' or 'so be it.' This gladdened Mashenska, and she began to apply herself with great attention to the separation of the mushrooms into different sorts; and as her father really found much profit in her knowledge, he gave her a copeck or two, and she was encouraged to be thoughtful and careful by the success of her thoughts and cares.

Mashenska had never been taught by the lessons of others, but experience led her to make many important distinctions. She found that the mushrooms which grew under the shadow of the birch-tree were different from those she found in the pine-woods; that some species loved the sun, and some the shade; and that various soils produced mushrooms almost as various. She made her little experiments; she transferred the mould from one spot to another; she learnt to distinguish by the taste between the wholesome and the deleterious sorts of mushrooms. The Russians call the fungus which grow on trees, and which they do not eat, *gribi*, and the mushrooms which grow on the ground, *gubi*. Mashenska made many experiments on the way of dressing the various qualities; and at last her father allowed her to have a little stand in the market near his own, which now became celebrated for the variety and excellence of the *gubi*, which were sold there.

The lord upon whose estate Mashenska's family lived, was one who had some benevolence and much ostentation in his character. He did not give himself much trouble in visiting his vassals; but whenever he did, his language was that of kindness, and he was called by the peasants 'gracious master,' when they spoke of him; while his neighbour, who was a far richer nobleman than himself, was known universally by the title of 'the ungracious.' Milostivny had, however, one of the great and too common vices of the Russian nobility—he was a reckless gambler. He had seen all the vicissitudes between great and moderate opulence; he had, in fact, more than once lost every thing but his estate, and more than once added enormously, though only for a short time, to his possessions. He had often been tempted to gamble with

his estate, but a sense of pride, a respect for his forefathers, a wholesome fear of consequences, had always checked him when temptation said, 'Try once more and win.' Temptation was not for a long time strong enough to break down all the barriers of prudence.

Nemilostiviy had, however, been watching the growing prosperity of his neighbour's peasantry; and Mashenka's family was remarkable among the prosperous. The gradual accumulation of wealth by frugal industry is sometimes quite surprising; and Mashenka's example had spread its influence through the serfs on the Milostiviy estate, which had in a few years obtained celebrity for its superior mushrooms. And do not wonder, children, that even so seemingly trifling an article became a source of comparative opulence to those who collected it. Had you seen the hundreds of waggons which convey mushrooms to market; the great and general use of this sort of food; the variety of ways in which it is prepared, preserved, and cooked for table; its universal consumption, from the tables of the mightiest down to those of the meanest, you would not wonder that a little fortune might be made out of mushrooms. But so it was; and symptoms of Mashenka's bettered condition were very visible. She added a gold chain to the ornaments she had been accustomed to wear round her neck, and was seen one evening dancing with two large bracelets of amber ornamenting her arms.

Milostiviy had been too much engaged in the pleasures—no, rather the perplexities of the capital, to give much attention to what was passing on his estate: the peasants paid their poll-tax with great regularity, and he appeared satisfied with them and with himself, as his steward, who happened to be a kind-hearted man, made the regular collection of the annual tribute from the peasant vassals. But the passion for display, and the far more dangerous passion, that of the gaming-house, obtained more and more possession of his thoughts. He was as restless as a feverish child, and the unhappy propensity began to drown all his better feelings. In that state, which is more like the drunkenness or the insanity of the mind than any thing else, Milostiviy had been at an evening party, playing one desperate game after another. It was with Nemilostiviy, who availed himself of the frenzy and excitement of the man whom he had called 'friend,' to urge him onwards. He lost larger and larger sums. At last he put his estate upon the game: luck, as it is called—luck deserted him, and the noble was penniless. The necessary forms for the transfer of the estate were drawn up next morning, and signed by Milostiviy. He left Moscow immediately afterwards, and made his way to Mashenka's cottage.

The visit of a Russian signior to the hut of one of his peasants is an event of very rare occurrence. So vast a distance is there between the lord and the vassal, so remarkable is the contrast between their mode of life, that the appearance of a noble in the house of his serf is in many parts of Russia considered what that of a sovereign would be to a shopkeeper. And in truth so wretched and so dirty are the habitations of the peasants, so suffocating from the heat, so offensive from the noisome smells, and generally so crowded with living and offensive things, that it is not to be wondered at if they are generally avoided. Milostiviy had never before entered Mashenka's dwelling. He scarcely knew what took him thither. He had a vague recollection of having heard of the prosperity of the family; but his mind was troubled, and his heart was almost broken. He was not clad as usual: he had a wild and weary look. He walked into the cottage, and sat down without saying a word. Nobody was there; he looked round him, and was astonished at the neatness and comfort on every side. I do not mean that it was comparable to an English peasant's happy home; but to Milostiviy it was a sight such as he had never seen in the habitation of his serfs. It almost aroused him from his gloomy meditations.

'Heaven protect us!' said Mashenka, as she entered, and saw her lord seated on the top of the stove, which is found in all Russian dwellings. 'What can be amiss!' exclaimed Mashenka, starting back as if she had seen a spirit. But Milostiviy was silent; he hung down his head. 'Most gracious sir,' uttered Mashenka, with a soft voice, and bowed herself to the ground, and kissed her lord's feet as she rose. 'Not so, Mashenka! not so—I am no longer your master, and you are no longer my vassal. Know that I am as poor—oh, how much poorer than you!' Mashenka had only that imperfect feeling of the rights of property which characterises those who possess nothing that is really their own. And she answered, 'I do not understand you; but all that we have is yours.' 'Alas! it was so yesterday; but to-day this hut, and its inhabitants, and its possessions—your family—you—all—all belong to another.' It was not for Mashenka to inquire how the calamity had happened. Tears came into her eyes, while she opened a small chest, and took from it a roll of paper money. She trembled violently—she was unable to speak. Milostiviy saw her purpose, and a smile—a cold smile—came over his countenance. 'Matters are not so bad as that yet; but you are transferred to another master: may he be kind to his vassals!' The nobleman uttered a benediction, and departed. Many a time was his name pronounced, and his memory blessed; for the serfs had sad reason to regret his loss.

The new lord was altogether of a different temper. It was his purpose to drain the peasants of their last

copeck. He immediately raised the poll-tax. He extorted every thing on which his avarice could lay hold. The people, who had no longer any recompense for their toil, fell into their ancient habits of indifference. Even Mashenka neglected her mushroom gatherings; she went less frequently to market; her little store gradually lost its reputation; all exertion was damped and destroyed; for all motive to exertion was taken away by the rapacious lord.

Some years passed on: the peasants that had been the model of the country—the happy and prosperous race—sunk down to their former lethargy. The oppression and cruelty that were practised towards them only brutalised them the more. But Mashenka was soon to witness new vicissitudes.

An order for a conscription among the peasants had been issued; and among those whose lot it was to be summoned to the army, was a young man who had long been plighted to Mashenka. At times Mashenka made an effort to adorn the hut, and always looked cheerful when Ivan was expected, or when he appeared; but the spring of hope was dried within her. It was at the time when the Emperor Alexander was founding his military colonies. The first news of the conscription was a terrible shock to Mashenka, for she imagined Ivan would be comprehended in it. And so he was. Wretched was the day, but still more wretched the night, when she was told the news. But Ivan had heard a report that in the military colonies soldiers were allowed to marry; and without communicating his purpose to any one, he went to the neighbouring village, made his way to the serjeant of the troops that were stationed there, who happened to be an acquaintance, told him his story, and inquired, with wet eyes and a timid voice, whether it were possible that Mashenka should accompany him. The serjeant answered him in a friendly tone; on which Ivan broke out into a long description of Mashenka's merits and virtues, and the service she could do, and her present unhappiness, and entreated the serjeant to plead for her. 'Well, that will I; and I will lend you music for the wedding, if a wedding there be.'

Light was the step of Ivan as he hurried to Mashenka's hut. But she could hardly hope the dream, as she thought it, would ever prove a reality. 'The gosudar will never consent. No, Ivan, you will go alone; and you will leave me to weep and to die!' The moment was, however, a propitious one. The emperor was very desirous of extending the military colonies. It was one of his most favoured projects, and the serjeant knew it. He spoke to the lieutenant above him—the lieutenant to the superior officers; and authority was obtained for the celebration of the marriage, and for the departure of the bride with her husband to the interior. I shall not tell you, children, all that passed on the journey. Ivan was a kind husband, and Mashenka a happy wife. Severe, and even cruel, though the army regulations of Russia are, Ivan was never a defaulter, and the presence of Mashenka enabled him to bear much which otherwise might have seemed unbearable.

The military colonies were intended to unite the agricultural with the military life. Ivan was not only a diligent but an intelligent peasant; and Mashenka soon found that her former habits and engagements might be beneficial to both. They had now also escaped from vassalage; for the moment a serf becomes a soldier, the right of the lord over his person ceases. Any profits he can make belong to himself, and the signior cannot take them away. Ivan's good behaviour soon led to his advancement; and he was allowed a small spot of ground to cultivate for himself. The day when he obtained it was one of the very happiest of Mashenka's existence. In it she saw their future fortunes; and she was not deceived.

She was clearing away the snow one morning in winter, when an officer's kibitka stopped suddenly; and she heard 'Mashenka!' in a voice that seemed familiar to her ear. It was Count Milostiviy. He was the commander of a regiment in a neighbouring colony, and had heard that the Moscow mushroom-girl was only a few versts away. He had passed through many scenes of vicissitude; but having, through the interference of some old acquaintance, obtained a commission from the emperor, had entreated that he might be stationed at the military colonies—first, because he wished to remove himself far away from all the scenes where self-reproach and sorrow went with him at every step; and, secondly, because he thought it was really a scene of great usefulness, where he might re-establish a credit that was broken, and regain the peace of mind that had long ago abandoned him. He had determined to forget the past, for in it there was no memory of pleasure. It seemed to him a dark and dreary spot, to which it was misery to turn. He avoided every occupation which could remind him of former scenes. 'I will begin,' he said, 'a new existence. I cannot alter the past, nor undo that which has been done; but I can make it as if it had never been. I can—I will raise it all from my recollection.' And to a great extent he had succeeded. But the past cannot be wholly forgotten. The mind is not completely its own master. Mashenka's name had brought out of the past some thoughts, which were more bright because they came forth from darkness. The visit to the shalash flashed upon him in striking contrast to all the other events of that memorable and melancholy time. He longed to see Mashenka, and he drove off to visit her almost as soon as he had heard of her arrival.

Milostiviy had acquired influence, though he had not amassed wealth. Adversity had made him thoughtful, and he restrained the momentary impulse which would have offered at once to change the condition of Ivan and Mashenka. He wisely calculated that he could make them far more happy by opening to them more widely the door of future though distant prosperity, than by any sudden or unexpected change. He desired Mashenka, whose delight broke through the accustomed marks of servile respect with which the Russian serfs salute their masters, to tell him her story since she had quitted his ancient estate. Many a time he passed his hand over his eyes as Mashenka told him of the distressing changes in the condition of the peasantry since he left. But Mashenka did not tell all; for why should she give sorrow to a master who had never given sorrow to her or hers?

'Have you forgotten the mushroom trade?' inquired the count. 'No, indeed, my gracious lord,' answered Mashenka; 'and Ivan and myself have often thought that if I could be permitted—' 'I know what you mean, Mashenka! You shall have permission and patronage too. It was for that I came. When the season arrives, you shall be set up in the world.'

The promise was faithfully kept. The count obtained mushroom spawn from different parts of the empire. He studied the matter as if his own happiness had depended on it. He helped Ivan and Mashenka to various modes of culture. He added the observations of science to those of Mashenka's experience. He assisted them to produce and to sell their productions. The groundwork was again laid of a little fortune, of which Mashenka was not again to be despoiled. Year after year added something to their well-doing; and the count was enabled to recompense their meritorious efforts in a thousand ways. Ivan reached the highest grade among non-commissioned officers. So popular was he, that none complained of his advancement. Mashenka and he have many children; and they are the children not now of serfs, but of free people; for Ivan's term of military service is over, and he has been enabled to buy a small tract of land close to the colony, through the whole extent of which the mushroom-maid of Moscow is a title of fame.

DIET.

THE following observations on diet are drawn chiefly from a useful popular treatise, on diet and regimen, by Dr W. H. Robertson, recently published, and which is worthy of the attention of not only invalids and dyspeptics, but all persons whose health is liable to be affected by sedentary employments.*

Were mankind universally to follow the rules for exercise, simplicity of diet, and perfect sobriety, they would require little advice regarding the special characteristics of food; for the hard-working labourer thrives and is healthy by the consumption of any kind of fare presented to him. Our cities being, however, now filled with persons who do not take much open-air exercise, and who are continually coming under the hands of the physician, reason points out the necessity for attending to the nature of dishes, and the digestibility of particular kinds of alimentary substances. Speaking on this point, the doctor first mentions meats, as, mutton, beef, lamb, veal, and pork. 'These are, generally speaking, more digestible if broiled on a gridiron, still less so if roasted, still less so if boiled, still less so if baked, still less so if fried. Meat somewhat underdone is more digestible than if thoroughly cooked; for the obvious reason, that, in the latter case, the fibres are more contracted, more hardened, and therefore require more power, greater exertions of the stomach to separate their particles, and convert them into pulp. For the same reason, salted meats are more indigestible than fresh meats. The flesh of the full-grown animal is more digestible than that of the animal which is still growing,' so far as meats are concerned; hence veal is an improper article of diet for the invalid. 'Animal food is invariably more easily digested if it has undergone some degree of putrification change; at least, so much of such change as is sufficient to make the fibres more tender.' Every one knows the value of keeping mutton a week before bringing it to the table. 'Bacon, which has been vaunted as a remedy for indigestion, in the greater number of cases does harm—in all cases where the juices of the stomach are either deficient in quantity or vitiated in quality.'

Of fowls in general, it may be said that they are digestible in proportion to their youth. Fowl and turkey are best; goose or duck are least digestible. Broths ought only to be taken by persons with strong stomachs. Solids are more beneficial, and more easily digested than liquids, especially unthickened slops; for 'they do not afford sufficient resistance to the contractile powers of the stomach to enable those powers to act on and digest them.' Habit, however, as in the case of the Scotch, who for the greater part take broth, or a liquid compound of animal and vegetable substances, daily, must here be allowed to have a considerable influence in regulating the diet.

Of game as an article of diet for the dyspeptic, the doctor speaks most favourably. Best of all is hare

* Small octavo. London, Charles Tilt, 1835.

hunted, then partridge, pheasant, venison, grouse, ptarmigan, blackcock, hare not hunted, snipe, and woodcock. "No one of these can be pronounced to be difficult of digestion. Game leaves the stomach very soon, and seldom gives it much to do. The distinction which is made between the digestibility of hare that has been killed by hunting, and one which has been in any other way deprived of life, may surprise some; but there is perhaps no solid article of food which leaves the stomach so soon as hunted hare." Proceeding to fish: this description of animal food is thus classed according to its digestibility:—White-fleshed fish and flat fish, as whiting, haddock, and cod; flat fish, as flounders and soles; shell fish; fresh-water fish, red-fleshed fish, and lastly herrings. "Fish, if simply boiled, and eaten only with salt, and little or no butter, are of very easy digestion; but if they are salted, or fried, or eaten with rich sauces, they are so no longer. Need I say that butter is irritating to the stomach of the invalid? It is the archdemon with which all writers on dietetics have warred; it is the thing which perhaps does them most harm. If eaten at all, it should be eaten sparingly, and cold. Melted butter, whether on toast or in sauces, should be banished from the table of every valetudinarian." Cheese should also be avoided, unless it be rotten, or in a state of decomposition, when it acts as a stimulus. "Pastry is so generally known, so generally felt to be injurious to the weak or the disordered stomach, that in a work on diet its mention is almost unnecessary, only that the omission might possibly be attributed to carelessness or neglect. Pastry—inasmuch as it contains much fat, butter, or grease, of one sort or another; inasmuch as it contains sugar; inasmuch as it is generally eaten as a supernumerary, and therefore superfluous, article of diet; inasmuch as it, by variety, often tempts to repletion and overloading the stomach—ought to be discarded from the table of the man whose digestion is either debilitated or deranged." Pickles, also, should never be eaten by any man whose powers of digestion are either weak or disordered.

With regard to fruits, those which are dried ought to be avoided. Perfectly ripe fruit, eaten in moderation, and at proper times, seldom does harm. Fruits should never be eaten after meals, for they then interfere with the process of digestion, and even sometimes interrupt it. "The best time for eating fruits is the forenoon, between breakfast and dinner. The stomach is then in a state of repose, which fits it for digestion, by devoting to them its whole attention, an attention undisturbed by other business." The eating of a fresh apple an hour before dinner will excite the powers of the stomach, and promote hunger. Sugar is nutritious, but most difficult of digestion. "Let the invalid shun it. Let the mother cease to encourage the taste for it in its various shapes, which is common to nearly all children. There is no one solid article of diet which does so much harm, which is the remote and often unsuspected cause of so much evil. Much of the odium which tea has incurred, would, with more justice, have been laid on the shoulders of the sugar which is taken with it, and the quantity of warm water, with which it is the means of deluging the stomach. Let the dyspeptic drink his tea almost cold, without sugar; and if it agree with him, let him add to it half its own quantity of skimmed milk. Let him confine himself to a single teacupful, for the simple reason, that much liquid taken at the time of eating makes the mass of matter, on which the stomach has to act, too thin; a state which prevents the contractile powers of the stomach from acting upon them readily. Coffee is more nutritious than tea, but it is at the same time more difficult of digestion.

There are few things, it may here be remarked, for which we ought, as regards health, to be more grateful to Providence, than for the introduction of tea and coffee. As civilisation advances, the man of wealth and rank uses personal exercise less, whether in walking or on horseback; and he prefers the luxurious carriage as a means of transporting himself from place to place. Keeping pace with the progress of civilisation, is the number of the thinking and studious increased; a class of men which is proverbially, and with few exceptions, sedentary. Tantamount to the increased number and importance of our commercial relations, is a larger number of men drawn from the fields, and the health-fraught toils of agriculture, into the pent-up and close atmosphere of a town, and have their time occupied in sedentary, or almost sedentary, employment. In this way there has arisen a daily increasing number of all classes, who, taking less exercise, could bear less food; could assimilate, consistently with health, a less amount of nutriment; who could not eat with impunity the meat and beer breakfasts, the heavy substantial food, to which their fathers had been accustomed: and to meet this, tea and coffee have been introduced, and supply the desideratum; a diet which is palatable, only moderately nutritious, and, if not abused, quite harmless."

We are now come to a branch of the subject requiring the utmost attention, namely, regularity and periods of eating. "Eating at regular hours is one of the most important of dietetic regulations; one which the man in comparative health would do well to attend to; one the necessity of which cannot be too strongly impressed on the invalid. The interval between the meals ought not to be longer than *five*, nor less, as a general rule, than *four* hours. For instance, if the first meal is taken at eight o'clock in the morn-

ing, the second ought to be taken at one afternoon, the third at six in the evening, and the fourth, if a fourth is taken at all, between nine and ten at night." This we consider the best advice in the book. A vast number of persons, from a desire to follow an absurd fashion, postpone dinner till five o'clock, if not later; a practice which is ruining the health of thousands in our cities. Shopkeepers, especially, who cannot well leave their places of business at one o'clock for dinner, suffer most, and are certainly the class of invalids most to be commiserated. At Manchester, we believe, all dine at one o'clock; a custom which it would be well to introduce into every town and city in the kingdom. To compensate the evil of late dinners, an anomalous meal, called the lunch, has been established; but it does more harm than good. "It is not only impolitic, but almost always directly injurious, to eat between meals. The reason is obvious. Food seldom leaves the stomach in shorter time than three hours, and more usually remains in it between four and five hours," and a meal ought not to be taken till the preceding has been thoroughly digested. Every one ought to eat slowly at his meals, and masticate the food completely before swallowing. After eating, a short rest should be taken, to assist the first stage of digestion; after this, it is well to exercise the limbs and the trunk. The less drink or liquid taken with solid food the better. "The breakfast is the meal at which all men should eat most heartily; it, and not the dinner, ought to be the principal meal. Every sufferer from indigestion ought to confine himself to one, or at most two dishes. A multiplicity of dishes tempts the appetite to overload the stomach; and it would likewise seem that the stomach digests quicker a single meal, even of somewhat difficult digestion, than a mixture of dishes which are digested more easily."

The doctor concludes his chapter on diet with the following generalisation of his remarks:—"The man in health can scarcely be looked upon as likely to read this work. Should there, however, be such a one among its readers, and if he is one who laughs at doctors and physic, let him listen to a little friendly advice with regard to his diet. Let him measure the amount of food which he takes by the amount of bodily exercise which he undergoes. Let him eat at regular times, never fasting, unless at night, longer than five hours. Let him make breakfast his principal meal. Let him avoid as much as possible all kinds of drink but water. Let him drink as little as possible, either while eating, or soon after his meals. Let him eat his food slowly, masticate each mouthful thoroughly, mixing it intimately with the saliva. Let him sit at least half an hour (to rest, but not sleep) after each meal. Let him dine invariably on one, or at most two dishes. Let him content himself with little or no supper. By attending to these rules, he will, as far as diet goes, fulfil his duty to his health; he will be taking the best means of warding off disease."

SNATCHES FROM THE SEASONS.

It is pleasing in this gloomy period of the year, when wild winds are howling round our dwelling, or rain is splashing angrily against our windows, to draw in one's chair by the cheerful hearth, and indulge in those social enjoyments which a comfortable home—the seat of the domestic affections—alone can give. Placed in the midst of that family circle, the source of all our worldly happiness, the appropriate lines of Cowper rush upon your recollection—

Now stir the fire and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtain, wheel the sofa round;
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
Which cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

In scenes like these, the heart expands not only towards those whom we more immediately love, but all mankind. It is also in such scenes that we delight to muster up recollections of our journeyings, when summer brightened the sky, and all nature was arrayed in gladness and beauty. Remembrances of this description please us by their contrast with our present circumstances; thus nature ever yields a double delight in her contemplation—a delight in beholding, and a delight in recollection; and it were difficult to say which is the more grateful.

Next to the company of a social friend by the wintry hearth, we love that of a book—a book, if possible, which will stir up in us reminiscences of the charms of rural scenery. Fortunately, in the age in which we live, there is no lack of books of this agreeable sort. White, Bewick, Evelyn, and many others, are ever at hand to gratify us by their admirable descriptions; above all, we have Howitt, whose *Book of the Seasons* forms perhaps the most delightful, certainly the most poetical, of all recent works illustrative of nature in her simple country attire.* Gentle reader, have you seen this kindly production? If you have not, we can assure you that it would be an acquisition to your parlour library. In the meanwhile, let us give you an idea of its contents. Let us follow the author, if you please, into the fields, and let us choose the month of July for the trip.

"JULY—Summer! glowing summer! This is the

* *Book of the Seasons, or a Calendar of Nature*, by William Howitt. London: Colburn and Bentley, 1831, small octavo, 1 vol.

month of heat and sunshine; of clear fervid skies, dusty roads, and shrinking streams; when doors and windows are thrown open. A cool gale is the most welcome of all visitors, and every drop of rain is worth its weight in gold! Such is July commonly; yet it is sometimes, on the contrary, a very showery month, putting the haymaker to the extremity of his patience, and the farmer upon anxious thoughts for his ripening corn. Generally speaking, however, it is the heart of our summer. The landscape presents an air of warmth, dryness, and maturity; the eye roves over brown pastures, corn-fields already white to harvest, dark lines of intersecting hedgerows, and darker trees, lifting their heavy heads above them. The foliage at this period is rich, full, and vigorous; there is a fine haze cast over distant woods and bosky slopes, and every lofty and majestic tree is filled with a soft shadowy twilight, which adds infinitely to their beauty, a circumstance that has never been sufficiently noticed by either poet or painter. Willows are now beautiful objects in the landscape; they are like rich masses of arborescent silver, especially if stirred by the breeze, their light and fluent forms contrasting finely with the still and sombre aspect of the other trees.

Now is the general season of haymaking. Bands of mowers, in their light dresses and broad straw hats, are astir long before the fiery eye of the sun glances above the horizon, that they may toil in the freshness of the morning, and stretch themselves at noon in luxurious ease by trickling waters, and beneath the shade of trees. Till then, with regular strokes, and a sweeping sound, the sweet and flowery grass falls before them, revealing, at almost every step, nests of young birds, mice in their cozy domes, and the mossy cells of the humble bee streaming with liquid honey; anon, troops of haymakers are abroad, tossing the green swaths to the sun. It is one of Nature's festivities, endeared by a thousand pleasant memories and habits of the olden days, and not a soul can resist it.

There is a sound of tinkling teams and waggons rolling along lanes and fields the whole country over, ay, even at midnight, till at length the fragrant ricks rise in the farm-yard, and the pale smooth-shaven fields are left in solitary beauty.

They who know little about the country may deem the strong liking of our poets, and of myself, for rural pleasures, mere romance and poetic illusion; but if poetic beauty alone were concerned, I must still admire harvest time in the country. The whole land is then an Arcadia, full of simple, healthful, and rejoicing spirits.

Boys will now be seen in the evening twilight, with match, gunpowder, &c. and green boughs for self-defence, busy in storming the paper-built castles of wasps, the larvae of which furnish anglers with plenty of excellent baits. Spring flowers have given place to a very different class. Climbing plants mantle and festoon every hedge. The wild hop, the bryony, the clematis or traveller's-joy, the large white convolvulus, whose bold, yet delicate flowers, will display themselves to a very late period of the year; vetches, and white and yellow ladies' bed-straw, invest every bush with their varied beauty, and breathe on the passers by their faint summer sweetness. The *Campanula rotundifolia*, the harebell of poets, and the bluebell of botanists, arrests the eye on every dry bank, rock, and wayside, with its airy stems and beautiful cerulean bells. There, too, we behold wild scabiouses, mallows, the woody-nightshade, wood-betony, and centaury; the red and white striped convolvulus also throws its flowers under your feet; corn-fields glow with whole armies of scarlet poppies, cockle, and the rich azure plumes of the viper's buglos; even thistles, the curse of Adam, diffuse a glow of beauty over waste and barren places. Some species, particularly the musk-thistle, are really noble plants, wearing their formidable arms, their silken vest, and their gorgeous crimson tufts of fragrant flowers issuing from a coronal of interwoven down and spines, with a grace which casts far into the shade many a favourite of the garden.

But whoever would taste all the sweetness of July, let him go in pleasant company, if possible, into heaths and woods. It is there, in her uncultured haunts, that summer now holds her court. The stern castle, the lowly convent, the deer, and the forester, have vanished thence many ages; yet nature still casts round the forest-lodge, the gnarled oak, and lonely mere, the same charms as ever. The most hot and sandy tracks, which, we might naturally imagine, would now be parched up, are in full glory. The *Erica tetralix*, or bell-heath, the most beautiful of our indigenous species, is now in bloom, and has converted the brown bosom of the waste into one wide sea of crimson; the air is charged with its honied odour; the dry elastic turf glows, not only with its flowers, but with those of the wild thyme, the clear blue milkwort, the yellow asphodel, and that curious plant, the sundew, with its drops of inexhaustible liquor sparkling in the fiercest sun like diamonds. There were the cotton-rush, the tall foxglove, and the taller golden mullein; there grows the classical grass of Parnassus, the elegant favourite of every poet; there creep the various species of heatherberries, cranberries, bilberries, &c. furnishing the poor with a source of profit, and the rich of simple luxury. What a pleasure it is to throw ourselves down beneath the verdant screen of the beautiful fern, or in the shade of a venerable oak, in such a scene, and listen to the summer sound of bees, grasshoppers, and ten thousand other insects, mingled with the more remote and solitary cry of the peewit and curlew!

Field-paths are at this season particularly attractive. I love our real old English foot-paths. I love those rustic and picturesque stiles opening their pleasant escapes from frequented places and dusty highways into the solitudes of nature. It is delightful to catch a glimpse of one on the old village-green, under the old elder-tree by some ancient cottage, or half hidden by the overhanging boughs of a wood. I love to see the smooth dry track, winding away in easy curves, along some green slope, to the churchyard, to the forest-grange, or to the embowered cottage. It is to me an object of certain inspiration. It seems to invite one from noise and publicity into the heart of solitude, and of rural delight. It beckons the imagination on through green and whispering corn-fields, through the short but verdant pasture, the flowering mowing-grass, the odorous and sunny hay-field, the festivity of harvest; from lonely farm to farm, from village to village; by clear and mossy wells, by tinkling brooks and deep wood-skirted streams; to crofts where the daffodil is rejoicing in spring, or meadows where the large blue geranium embellishes the summer wayside; to heaths with their warm elastic sward and crimson bells, the chattering of grasshoppers, the foxglove, and the old gnarled oak; in short, to all the solitary haunts after which the city-pent lover of nature pants 'as the hart panteth after the water brooks.' What is there so truly English? What is so truly linked with our rural tastes, our sweetest memories, and our sweetest poetry, as stiles and foot-paths? Goldsmith, Thomson, and Milton, have adorned them with some of their richest wreaths. They have consecrated them to poetry and love. It is along the foot-path in secluded fields, upon the stile in the embowered lane, where the wild rose and the honeysuckle are lavishing their beauty and their fragrance, that we delight to picture to ourselves rural lovers, breathing, in the dewy sweetness of summer evening, vows still sweeter. There it is that the poet seated, sends back his soul into the freshness of his youth, amongst attachments since withered by neglect, rendered painful by absence, or broken by death; amongst dreams and aspirations, which, even now that they pronounce their own fallacy, are lovely. It is there that he gazes upon the gorgeous sunset—the evening star following with its silvery lamp the fading day, or the moon showering her pale lustre through the balmy night air, with a fancy that kindles and soars into the heavens before him; there, that we have all felt the charm of woods and green fields, and solitary boughs waving in the golden sunshine, or darkening in the melancholy beauty of evening shadows. Who has not thought how beautiful was the sight of a village congregation, pouring out from their old grey church on a summer day, and streaming off through the quiet meadows, in all directions, to their homes? Or who that has visited Alpine scenery, has not beheld, with a poetic feeling, the mountaineers come winding down out of their romantic seclusions on a Sabbath morning, pacing the solitary heath-tracks, bounding with elastic step down the fern-clad dells, or along the course of a riotous stream, as cheerful, as picturesque, and yet as solemn, as the scenes around them?

Again, I say, I love field-paths, and stiles of all species, ay, even the most inaccessible piece of rustic erection ever set up in defiance of age, laziness, and obesity. How many scenes of frolic and merry confusion have I seen at a clumsy stile! What exclamations, and blushes, and fine eventual vaulting, on the part of the ladies! and what an opportunity does it afford to beaux of exhibiting a variety of gallant and delicate attentions! I consider a rude stile as any thing but an impediment in the course of a rural courtship.

What a pity it is that the advance of wealth and avarice is fast closing up these good old-fashioned foot-paths and stiles, and driving both the rural and town population into the dusty and prosaic highways!

Next comes a description of August, the season of corn harvest.—"August—It is a time for universal gladness of heart. Nature has completed her most important operations. She has ripened her best fruits, and a thousand hands are ready to reap them with joy. It is a gladdening sight to stand upon some eminence, and behold the yellow hues of harvest amid the dark relief of hedges and trees, to see the shocks standing thickly in a land of peace, the partly reaped fields, and the clear cloudless sky shedding over all its lustre. There is a solemn splendour, a mellowness and maturity of beauty, thrown over the landscape. The wheat crops shine on the hills and slopes, as Wordsworth expresses it, 'like golden shields cast down from the sun.' For the lovers of solitary rambles, for all who desire to feel the pleasures of a thankful heart, and to participate in the happiness of the simple and the lowly, now is the time to stroll abroad. They will find beauty and enjoyment spread abundantly before them. They will find the mowers sweeping down the crops of pale barley, every spiked ear of which, so lately looking up bravely at the sun, is now bent downward in a modest and graceful curve, as if abashed at his ardent and incessant gaze. They will find them cutting down the rustling oats, each followed by an attendant rustic, who gathers the swath into sheaves from the tender green of the young clover, which, commonly sown with oats to constitute the future crop, is now showing itself luxuriantly. But it is in the wheat-field that all the jollity, and gladness, and picturesqueness of harvest, is concentrated.

Wheat is more particularly the food of man. Barley affords him a wholesome but much abused pottage; the oat is welcome to the homely board of the hardy mountaineers, but wheat is especially and every where the 'staff of life.' To reap and gather it in, every creature of the hamlet is assembled. The farmer is in the field, like a rural king amid his people; the labourer, old or young, is there to collect what he has sown with toil, and watched in its growth with pride; the dame has left her wheel and her shady cottage, and with sleeve-defended arms, scorns to do less than the best of them; the blooming damsel is there, adding her sunny beauty to that of universal nature; the boy cuts down the stalks which overtop his head; children gleam amongst the shocks; and even the unwalkable infant sits propt with sheaves, and plays with the stubble, and

With all its twined flowers.

Such groups are often seen in the wheat-field as deserve the immortality of the pencil. There is something, too, about wheat-harvest which carries back the mind, and feasts it with the pleasures of antiquity. The sickle is almost the only implement which has descended from the olden times in its pristine simplicity—to the present hour neither altering its form, nor becoming obsolete amid all the fashions and improvements of the world. It is the same now as it was in those scenes of rural beauty which the Scripture history unfolds.

Let no one say that this is not a season of happiness to the peasantry; I know that it is. In the days of boyhood, I have partaken their harvest labours, and listened to the overflowings of their hearts as they sat amid the sheaves beneath the fine blue sky, or among the rich herbage of some green headland beneath the shade of a tree, while the cool keg plentifully replenished the horn, and sweet after exertion were the contents of the harvest-field basket. I know that the poor harvesters are amongst the most thankful contemplators of the bounty of Providence, though so little of it falls to their share. To them harvest comes as an annual festivity. To their healthful frames, the heat of the open fields, which would oppress the languid and relaxed, is but an exhilarating and pleasant glow. The inspiration of the clear sky above, and of scenes of plenty around them, and the very circumstance of their being drawn from their several dwellings at this bright season, open their hearts, and give a life to their memories; and many an anecdote and history from 'the simple annals of the poor' are there related, which need only to pass through the mind of a Wordsworth or a Crabbe, to become immortal in their mirth or woe.

During this month nature seems to experience a second spring. Several trees, particularly the oak and elm, put forth shoots and new leaves, enlivening the sombre woods. The hedges assume a lighter green; and if their leaves have been devoured in the spring with caterpillars, as is sometimes the case, they are now completely re clothed in the most delicate foliage. The ground already experiences the effect of the shortening days. The drought occasioned by the intense heat and long days of July has abated, cool nights, dews, and occasional showers, restore the mown fields and sunburnt pastures to a degree of verdure, and reanimate the remaining flowers. The small blue campanula, wild scabious, blue chicory, the large white convolvulus, hawkweeds, and the *Erica vulgaris*, or common heath, still adorn wastes, fields, and waysides. The pink-and-white convolvulus has been one of the chief ornaments of summer, flowering in the driest spots, where all around is brown from extreme drought, with cheerful beauty. A few clusters of honeysuckles may yet be seen, here and there, on the hedges. And the *Antirrhinum linaria*, or common toad-flax, is in full flower in the thickets.

Birds are now seen wandering about in large flocks, having completed all their summer cares, and now enjoy the range of earth and air in one long holiday, till their companies shall be thinned by gunpowder and winter weather.

Towards the end of the month, symptoms of the year's decline press upon our attention. The morning and evening air has an autumnal freshness—the hedge-fruit has acquired a tinge of ruddiness—the berries of the mountain-ash have assumed their beautiful orange hue—and swallows twitter as they fly, or sit perched in a row upon a rail, or the dead bough of a tree. The swift has taken its departure. That beautiful phenomenon, the white fog, is again beheld rolling its snowy billows along the valleys, the dark tops of trees emerging from it as from a flood. Now is the season for enjoying the animated solitude of seaside rambles. The time is also come when sportsmen may renew their healthful recreation.

Passing over September and October, we come to the passing season, November, the month when, in the language of Ossian, "Autumn is dark on the mountains; grey mists rest on the hills; dark rolls the river through the narrow plain; the leaves whirl round with the wind, and strew the grave of the dead." "We are now (says our author) in a month of darkness, storms, and mists; of the whirling away of the withered leaves, and the introduction to complete winter. Rain, hail, and wind, chase each other over the fields, and amongst the woods, in rapid alternations. The flowers are gone; the long grass stands amongst the woodland thickets, withered, bleached, and sere; the fern is red and shrivelled amongst the green gorse and broom; the plants, which waved

their broad white umbels to the summer breeze, like skeleton trophies of death, rattle their dry and hollow kexes to the autumnal winds. The brooks are brim full; the rivers turbid, and covered with masses of foam, hurry on in angry strength, or pour their waters over the champaign. Our very gardens are sad, damp, and desolate. Their floral splendours are dead; naked stems and decaying leaves have taken the place of verdure. The walks are unkempt and uninviting; and as these summer friends of ours are no longer affluent and of flourishing estate, we, of course, desert them.

The return of winter is pleasurable, even in its severity. The first snows that come dancing down; the first frost that rimes the hedges, variegates the windows, or shoots its fine long crystals across the smallest puddle, or the widest sheet of water, bring with them the remembrance of our boyish pleasures, our slidings and skatings—our snow-ballings and snow-rolling—our snow-man making—the wonders of hoar-frosts—of nightly snow-drifts in hollow lanes—of caves and houses, scooped in the wintry heaps with much labour and delight; and of scampering over hedge and ditch on the frozen snow, that 'crunched beneath the tread,' but broke not.

The dark, wet, and wintry days, and the long dismal nights of this season, are, however, favourable to fireside enjoyments and occupations. Driven from the fields and woods, where we have found so much delight, so many objects of interest or employment, we may now sit within, and hear the storm rage around, conscious that the fruits of the earth are secured, and that, like the bees in their hives, we have not left the summer escape, but have laid up stores of sweetness for the time of darkness and death.

The closing months of the year may, indeed, be externally disagreeable; nevertheless, we love them well, and cordially agree with A. A. Watts, in the lines—

With his ice, and snow, and rime,
Let bleak Winter sternly come!
There is not a sunnier clime
Than the love-lit winter home.

LORD CULLEN.

ROBERT CULLEN, the son of the celebrated physician, and who finally officiated as a judge in the Court of Session, possessed amazing powers of mimicry, which were manifested in his earliest years. One evening, when his father was going to the theatre, he entreated to be taken along with him, but, for some reason, was condemned to remain at home. Some time after the departure of the doctor, Mrs Cullen heard him come along the passage, as if from his own room, and say, at her door, "Well, after all, you may let Robert go." Robert was accordingly allowed to depart for the theatre, where his appearance gave no small surprise to his father. On the old gentleman coming home, and remonstrating with his lady for allowing the boy to go, it was discovered that the voice which seemed to give the permission had proceeded from the young wag himself.

In maturer years, Cullen could not only mimic any voice or mode of speech, but enter so thoroughly into the nature of any man, that he could supply exactly the ideas which he was likely to use. His imitations were therefore something much above mimicries—they were Shakspearian representations of human character. He has been known, in a social company, where another individual was expected, to stand up, in the character of that person, and return thanks for the proposal of his health; and this was done so happily, that, when the individual did arrive, and got upon his legs to speak for himself, the company was convulsed with an almost exact repetition of what Cullen had previously uttered, the manner also, and every inflection of the voice, being precisely alike. In relating anecdotes, of which he possessed a vast store, he usually prefaced them with a sketch of the character of the person referred to, which greatly increased the effect, as the story then told characteristically. These sketches were remarked to be extremely graphic, and most elegantly expressed.

When a young man, residing with his father, he was very intimate with Dr Robertson, the Principal of the University, and the celebrated author of the *Life of Charles V.* To show that Robertson was ill to imitate, it may be mentioned, from the report of a gentleman who has often heard him making public orations, that, when the students observed him pause for a word, and would themselves mentally supply it, they invariably found that the word which he did use was different from that which they thought suitable. Cullen, however, could imitate him to the life, either in his more formal speeches, or in his ordinary discourse. He would often, in entering a house which the Principal was in the habit of visiting, assume his voice in the lobby and stair, and when arrived at the drawing-room door, astonish the family by turning out to be—only Bob Cullen. Lord Greville, a pupil of the Principal's, having been one night detained at a protracted debauch, where Cullen was also present, the latter gentleman next morning got admission to the bedroom of the young nobleman, where, personating Dr

Robertson, he sat down by the bedside, and, with all the manner of the reverend Principal, gave him a sound lecture for having been out so late last night. Greville, who had fully expected this visit, lay in remorseful silence, and allowed his supposed monitor to depart without saying a word. In the course of a quarter of an hour, however, when the real Dr Robertson entered, and commenced a harangue exactly duplicating that just concluded, he could not help exclaiming, that it was *too bad* to give it him twice over. "Oh, I see how it is," said Robertson, rising to depart; "that rogue Bob Cullen must have been with you." The Principal became at length quite accustomed to Bob's tricks, which he would seem, from the following anecdote, to have regarded in a friendly spirit. Being attended during an illness by Dr Cullen, it was found necessary to administer a liberal dose of laudanum. The physician, however, asked him, in the first place, in what manner laudanum affected him. Having received his answer, Cullen remarked, with surprise, that he had never known any one affected in the same way by laudanum, besides his son Bob. "Ah," said Robertson, "*does the rascal take me off there too?*"

Mr Cullen entered at the Scottish bar in 1764, and distinguishing himself highly as a lawyer, was raised to the bench in 1796, when he took the designation of Lord Cullen. He cultivated elegant literature, and contributed some papers of acknowledged merit to the *Mirror and Lounger*; but it was in conversation that he chiefly shone. We were informed by the late Sir William Macleod Bannatyne, who was his early associate, that the late George IV. always spoke of him as one of the most delightful men he had ever met. Lord Cullen died on the 28th of November 1810.

HONOURS PAID TO MEN OF SCIENCE.

WHILE we hear much of the neglect and persecution which men of genius have experienced in past times, we seldom find any allusion made to the honours which have been paid, even in life, to the same or different persons. As this one-sided view of the matter is apt to have an unfavourable effect, we shall present a few striking instances of the encouragement extended by royal and noble personages, during the last two centuries, to eminent cultivators of science, as reckoned up in the Quarterly Review.*

"At whatever period of the history of science we begin our inquiries, it is difficult to find any well-authenticated instance where knowledge was persecuted or neglected by the sovereigns of civilised nations. The appellations of the sage and the hero have at all times been inseparably joined; and in countries but little removed from barbarism, and in ages comparatively dark and ignorant, kings have conferred the same honours on those who saved their country by prowess or enlightened it by their wisdom. The reigns of the Ptolemies, of Alphonso the Great, of Ulugh Beig, the Tartar prince, were particularly distinguished by this noble patronage of learning. Not content with fostering the genius of their own subjects, they invited to their courts the philosophers of foreign countries; they even took an active part in their scientific inquiries, and honoured them with every mark of confidence and friendship. It was scarcely to be expected that this golden age could have a permanent existence; but though the condition of the civilised world became unfavourable to the patronage of learning, yet no sooner did the human mind recover from its fall, than the princes of Europe sought for reputation from the protection of the arts.

The history of Galileo furnishes a striking example of the munificence of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and of the influence which it produced on the discoveries of that illustrious astronomer. He had enjoyed the appointment of professor of mathematics at Padua, with a salary of 520 florins; but as this was insufficient for the support of his family, he was obliged to give private lectures, and to receive pupils into his house. Cosmo, who had succeeded his father as grand duke, made proposals to Galileo, in 1607, to return to his original situation at Pisa. In reply to these proposals, Galileo observes—

"My public duty does not confine me more than sixty half-hours in the year, and even that not so strictly but that I may, on occasion of any business, contrive to get some vacant days: the rest of my time is absolutely at my own disposal; but because my private lectures and domestic pupils are a great hindrance and interruption to my studies, I wish to live entirely exempt from the former, and in great measure from the latter; for if I am to return to my native country, I should wish the first object of my serene highness to be, that leisure and opportunity should be given me to complete my works, without employing myself in lecturing.†

To these arrangements Cosmo cheerfully agreed. Galileo was appointed honorary professor of mathematics at Pisa, with an annual salary of 1000 florins; he was distinguished by the title of Philosopher and Principal Mathematician to his highness; he was exempted from all professional duty, excepting that of giving lectures on extraordinary occasions to sovereign princes, and other strangers of distinction; and was

thus, as he himself expresses it, 'left without the duties of any office to perform, and with the most complete leisure, so that I can complete my treatises on Mechanics, on the Constitution of the Universe, and on Natural and Violent Local Motion.' But the generosity of Cosmo did not stop here: he personally assisted Galileo in observing the satellites of Jupiter at Pisa during several months; and when he parted from him, he gave him a present of more than 1000 florins. In the spring of 1624, Galileo went to Rome, to congratulate Pope Urban on his elevation to the pontificate. Flattered with this compliment, his holiness granted the astronomer a pension for the education of his son Vincenzo. He recommended him in the strongest terms to the liberality of the Grand Duke Ferdinand, who had now succeeded his father; and in a few years afterwards, he rewarded the discoveries of Galileo with a pension of 100 crowns. Ferdinand did not hesitate to extend to science the liberality of his father. Inheriting his knowledge along with his fortune, he even devoted himself to optical pursuits; and Galileo informs us, in a letter to his friend Micanzio, 'that Ferdinand had been amusing himself with making object-glasses, and always carried one with him, to work it wherever he went.' Honoured with such distinguished munificence, Galileo was enabled to complete those great inquiries which he had so successfully begun. All the physical sciences experienced the generosity which was extended to the Italian philosopher; and in every succeeding age the Grand Dukes Cosmo and Ferdinand will inherit a portion of that glory which Galileo earned for himself and for his country.

While the abstract sciences were thus fostered in Italy, Tycho Brahe was experiencing the most princely liberality from Ferdinand I. of Denmark. Besides a pension of 1000 crowns a-year, he conferred upon him the canonry of Rothschild, with an annual income of 2000 crowns, and he made over to him the island of Huen, upon which he erected the celebrated observatory of Uranibourg, at an expense of L.20,000. In this temple of astronomy Tycho pursued his researches for more than twenty years. Princes and philosophers courted his acquaintance; and among his illustrious guests were Ulric Duke of Mecklenburg, accompanied by his daughter the Queen of Denmark, William Prince of Hesse, and James I. of England. This last monarch spent eight days under the roof of Tycho, and not only honoured him at his departure with a magnificent present, but addressed to him a copy of verses, and gave him his royal licence to publish his works in his dominions. The death of Frederick II., in 1588, proved a severe blow to the fortunes of Tycho. Instigated by the malice of his enemies, the infamous Walchendorf, the minister of Christian IV., deprived the astronomer of his pension and of his canonry, and forced him, with his wife and children, to seek the hospitality of a foreign land: but on learning this, the Emperor Rodolph II. invited him to his kingdom, and assigned to him the castle of Benach, near Prague, with an annual pension of 3000 florins.

The illustrious Kepler experienced the same generosity from Rodolph, and, on the death of Tycho, he succeeded to him as principal mathematician to the emperor, with a liberal pension; but, unfortunately for science, it was always in arrear; and this exalted individual was compelled to draw his subsistence from calculating nativities, and imposing upon the credulity of his species.

In the history of Descartes, we are presented with still more striking instances of royal kindness and munificence. At an early period of his life, Lord Charles Cavendish, the brother of the Duke of Newcastle, invited Descartes and his friend Mydorgius to settle in England, and Charles I. offered to make a handsome provision for these two mathematicians; but this arrangement, so honourable to the British sovereign, was frustrated by the commencement of the civil wars. By the advice of the Cardinal Richelieu, Louis XIII. invited Descartes to Paris; but, notwithstanding the high offers made to him, he could not be prevailed on to quit his retirement at Eyndegeest. Crowds of admirers, from every quarter, flocked to visit him, and among these was Elizabeth, princess-palatine, who went in the character of a disciple, to receive his instructions. Returning to France in 1647, the king granted him a pension of 3000 crowns, not only out of respect to his talents, and on account of the great benefits which his discoveries had conferred upon the human race, but for the purpose of enabling him to complete the researches which he had begun.

Upon his return to Holland, he received from Christina, Queen of Sweden, an invitation to visit Stockholm, and initiate her into the principles of his philosophy. He accordingly arrived in that capital in October 1649, and was welcomed with all that respect and affection which might have been expected from a sovereign of such acquisitions. She rose every morning at five o'clock to receive his instructions; and such was her anxiety to retain him in her kingdom, that she offered him an annual pension of 3000 crowns, and the perpetual possession of the property from which it was derived; and lest the climate should prove too severe for his delicate health, he was allowed to choose a residence either in the archbishopric of Bremen or in Swedish Pomerania. The indisposition of the French ambassador alone prevented the completion of this arrangement; but no sooner had he recovered, than Descartes caught a cold which terminated his life. The royal disciple was inconsolable for the loss of so

distinguished a master: she proposed to the French ambassador to bury Descartes at the public expense; to lay his hallowed remains beside the ashes of the Swedish kings; and to erect a magnificent mausoleum over his tomb. A simpler funeral, however, and an humbler grave, were considered more appropriate to a philosopher. He was interred in the Catholic cemetery; and about seventeen years afterwards, the treasurer-general of France conveyed the body to Paris, where it was interred with great pomp in the church of St Genevieve.

Among the other distinguished philosophers who adorned the seventeenth century, there is scarcely an individual who did not receive the most substantial rewards for his scientific labours. Newton was appointed successively warden and master of the Mint* by Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and in the subsequent reign of Queen Anne the then undegraded honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. Olaus Rømer, the discoverer of the propagation of light, was appointed a counsellor of the chancery of Denmark. Huygens was invited to France by Colbert, and resided at Paris, in the enjoyment of a liberal pension, till the revocation of the edict of Nantes drove him back to his native place; and Hevelius, while consul of the republic of Dantzic, received a pension from Louis XIV. for his astronomical discoveries, without even the necessity of quitting his own country.

Leibnitz, the great rival of Newton, was equally honoured in Germany. He was early appointed one of the counsellors of his own sovereign, who permitted him to remain at Paris till he completed his arithmetical machine. In 1711, he was nominated aulic counsellor to the Emperor of Germany, who gave him a pension of 2000 florins, and promised to double it on condition of his residing at Vienna. The Emperor of Russia likewise elected him a privy counsellor, with a pension of 1000 ducats; and the situation of keeper of the Vatican was offered to him by Cardinal Casanata. George I., upon his accession to the British throne, invited Leibnitz to England, where he was received with the highest distinction. These lucrative appointments enabled him to leave a fortune of 60,000 crowns, which were found, after his death, accumulated in sacks, in various kinds of specie.

The celebrated family of the Bernoullis, who flourished about the beginning of the eighteenth century, were rewarded with lucrative professorships, which enabled them to pursue their studies with all the energy which springs from independent circumstances. When Leibnitz exhibited to Frederick I. of Prussia the luminous barometer discovered by John Bernoulli, he generously presented the philosopher with a gold medal of forty ducats. His son Daniel was invited by the court of Russia to the academy of St Petersburg, where he enjoyed a handsome pension. A desire, however, to revisit the place of his birth having made him determine to quit Russia, the imperial government increased his appointments; and, on a subsequent occasion, settled upon him for life half his income, with permission to return to his native land.

The illustrious Euler—a name scarcely less sacred than that of Newton, and in whom piety and wisdom were equally conspicuous—enjoyed in a peculiar manner the friendship and the liberality of kings. On the invitation of Daniel and Nicholas Bernoulli, he went to St Petersburg, where he was appointed, successively, professor of natural philosophy and of mathematics, with a pension from the government. Frederick the Great invited him to Berlin in 1741; and no sooner had he arrived in that capital, than he received a letter of welcome from the king, written from his camp at Reichenbach. The queen-mother honoured him with her special friendship, and derived the highest enjoyment from his conversation. An opportunity unfortunately occurred, which exhibited in a striking light the feeling then cherished for men of genius. The Russian army, under General Totleben, having penetrated, in 1760, into the march of Brandenburg, pillaged and destroyed a farm which Euler possessed near Charlottenberg. As soon as the Russian general was made acquainted with the event, he transmitted a large sum in reparation of the loss, and to this liberal compensation the Empress Elizabeth added a present of 4000 florins. During Euler's residence in Prussia, the Russian government had handsomely continued the pension which it had formerly granted him; and this generous treatment, combined with the former munificence of the Russian empress and her general, induced him to accept of an invitation from Catherine the Great to return to St Petersburg. The King of Prussia having consented to this arrangement, Prince Czartorysky invited Euler, in the name of the King of Poland, to take the road by Warsaw, where, distinguished by the highest regards, he spent ten days with Stanislaus, who afterwards honoured him with his correspondence. When Euler became old and blind, he was still the object of royal attention. The heir of Prussia, when he visited St Petersburg, spent several hours at the bedside of the dying philosopher. During this long visit, he held him all the while by the hand, having, at the same time, upon his knee, one of Euler's grandchildren, who had evinced an early attachment to geometry.

The contemporary and rival of Euler, the illustrious Lagrange, was honoured with even higher digni-

* xliii. 368-1A.

† Life of Galileo, Library of Useful Knowledge, No. 18.

* An office then worth from L.1200 to L.1500 per annum.

ties. When Euler left Berlin, Lagrange was invited by the king to become his successor, with a pension of 1800 Prussian crowns, and with the title of Director of the Academy of the Physico-Mathematical Sciences. On the death of Frederick, philosophers ceased to enjoy that elevated station which he had assigned them, and Lagrange became desirous of returning to his native country. No sooner were his wishes known, than sovereigns contended for the possession of so inestimable a prize. The King of Sardinia eagerly invited him to return to his native country. The Prince Cardito de Laffredo offered him the most flattering terms from the King of Naples; but the liberality of Louis XVI. prompted by his minister M. Breteuil, secured him for the French Academy. In 1787, he came to Paris, and his station as foreign member was changed into that of veteran pensionary. The Queen of France treated him with the highest regard, and obtained for him apartments in the Louvre. Even amid the changes of the revolution, his person and talents were respected; and though he seems at one time to have dreaded the fate of some of his illustrious colleagues, yet he was induced, by his wife, to wait for the arrival of better times. These times did arrive; and the extraordinary man who then wielded the destinies of France was not slow to honour the genius of the most distinguished of her citizens. Lagrange was created, by Bonaparte, a Senator of France, a Count of the Empire, a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, and Grand Cross of the Imperial Order of Réunion; and when he sank under the weight of his years and his honours, his remains were deposited in that noble mausoleum on which France has engraven the memorable inscription—

“AUX GRANDS HOMMES LA PATRIE RECONNAISSANTE.”*

On the death of Lagrange, Laplace held the most elevated station among the great philosophers of Europe. From the humble situation of professor of mathematics in the military school of Paris, he was raised, by the force of his talents, to be president of the Conservative Senate, and was successively created a count and a marquis.

From France we pass to Italy for another illustration of the honours conferred on scientific men. Volta of Como, the celebrated inventor of the voltaic pile, was invited to Paris in 1801, and was honoured with the presence of the First Consul while repeating his experiments before the Institute. Bonaparte conferred upon him the orders of the Legion of Honour, and of the Iron Crown, and he was afterwards nominated a count, and senator of the kingdom of Italy. At the formation of the Italian Institute, a meeting was held, at which Bonaparte presided, for the purpose of nominating the principal members. When they were considering whether or not they should draw up a list of the members in an alphabetical order, Bonaparte wrote at the head of a sheet of paper the name of Volta, and, delivering it to the secretary, said, “Do as you please at present, provided that name is the first.” At the death of this eminent philosopher in 1827, his fellow-citizens struck a medal, and erected a monument to his memory; and a niche in the façade of the public schools of Como, which had been left empty for him between the busts of Pliny and Givrio, natives of the town, has, we believe, been recently filled by the bust of Volta.

Among these numerous instances of honours paid to men of science, it will be remarked with sorrow that few, comparatively, refer to Britain. Our country, indeed, has been remarkable both in remote and recent times, but especially in the latter, for the indifference manifested by the government respecting those who contribute to national improvement. We shall probably advert to this subject more largely on a future occasion.

MATCH-MAKING IN CALCUTTA.

INDIA has hitherto been considered a place of matrimonial speculation, where nabobs were to be had for a look. “Such prizes,” says Miss Roberts in her work on India, “are scarce. The damsel educated in the fallacious hope of seeing a rich antiquated suitor at her feet, laden with ‘barbaric pearl and gold,’ soon discovers to her horror, that, if she should decide upon marrying at all, she will be absolutely compelled to make a love-match, and select the husband of her choice out of the half-dozen subalterns who may offer; fortunate may she esteem herself if there be one amongst them who can boast a staff-appointment, the adjutancy or quarter-mastership of his corps. Formerly, when the importations of European females were much smaller than at present, men grew grey in the service before they had an opportunity of meeting with a wife. There consequently was a supply of rich old gentlemen ready at every station to lay their wealth at the feet of the new arrival; and as we are told that ‘mammon wins its way where seraphs might despair,’ it may be supposed that younger and poorer suitors had no chance against these wealthy wooers. The golden age has passed away in India; the silver fruitage of the rupee-tree has been plucked, and Love, poverty-stricken, has nothing left to offer but its roses.

In the dearth of actual possessions, expectancies become of consequence; and now that old civilians are less attainable, young writers rank amongst the eligibles.

A supply of these desirables, by no means adequate to the demand, is brought out to Calcutta every year; and upon the arrival of a young man who has been lucky enough to secure a civil appointment, he is immediately accommodated with handsome apartments in Tank Square, styled, par distinction, ‘The Buildings,’ and entered at the college, where he is condemned to the study of the Hindoostanee and Persian languages until he can pass an examination which shall qualify him to become an assistant to a judge, collector, or other official belonging to the civil department. A few hours of the day are spent under the surveillance of a moonshie, or some more learned pundit, and the remainder are devoted to amusements. This is the dangerous period for young men bent upon making fortunes in India, and upon returning home. They are usually younger sons, disregarded in England on account of the slenderness of their finances, or too juvenile to have attracted matrimonial speculations. Launched into the society of Calcutta, they enact the parts of the young dukes and heirs-apparent of a London circle, where there are daughters or sisters to dispose of. The ‘great parti’ is caressed, fêted, dressed at, danced at, and flirted with, until perfectly bewildered: either falling desperately into love, or fancying himself so, he makes an offer, which is eagerly accepted by some young lady, too happy to escape the much-dreaded horrors of a half-batta station. The writers, of course, speedily acquire a due sense of their importance, and conduct themselves accordingly. Vainly do the gay uniforms strive to compete with their more sombre rivals; no dashing cavalry officer, feathered, and sashed, and epauletted, has a chance against the men privileged to wear a plain coat and a round hat; and in the evening drives in Calcutta, sparkling eyes will be turned away from the military equestrian, gracefully reining up his Arab steed to the carriage-window, to rest upon some awkward rider who sits his horse like a sack, and, more attentive to his own comfort than to the elegance of his appearance, may, if it should be the rainy season, have thrust his white jean trousers into jockey boots, and introduced a black velvet waistcoat under his white calico jacket. Figures even more extraordinary are not rare; for though the ladies follow European fashions as closely as circumstances will admit, few gentlemen, not compelled by general orders to attend strictly to the regulations of the service, are willing to sacrifice to the Graces. An Anglo-Indian dandy is generally a very grotesque personage; for where tailors have little sway, and individual taste is left to its own devices, the attire will be found to present strange incongruities.

When a matrimonial proposal has been accepted, the engagement of the parties is made known to the community at large by their appearance together in public. The gentleman drives the lady out in his buggy. This is conclusive; and should either prove fickle, and refuse to fulfil the contract, a breach of promise might be established in the supreme court, based upon the single fact that the pair were actually seen in the same carriage, without a third person. The nuptials of a newly arrived civilian, entrapped at his outset, are usually appointed to take place at some indefinite period, namely, when the bridegroom shall have got out of college. It is difficult to say whether the strength of his affection should be measured by a speedy exit, or a protracted residence, for love may be supposed to interfere with study; and though excited to diligence by his matrimonial prospects, a mind distracted between rose-coloured billet-doux and long rolls of vellum covered with puzzling characters in Arabic and Persian, will not easily master the difficulties of Oriental love. The allowances of a writer in the Buildings are not so exceedingly splendid; writers do not, according to the notion adopted in England, step immediately into a salary of three or four thousand pounds a-year; though very probably with the brilliant prospect before them which dazzled their eyes upon their embarkation, not yet sobered down to dull reality, they commence living at that rate. The bridegroom elect, consequently, is compelled to borrow one or two thousand rupees to equip himself with household goods necessary for the married state, and thus lays the foundation for an increasing debt, bearing an interest of twelve per cent. at the least. The bride, who would not find it quite so easy to borrow money, and whose relatives do not consider it necessary to be very magnificent upon these occasions, either contrives to make her outfit (the grand expense incurred in her behalf) serve the purpose, or, should that have faded and grown old-fashioned, purchases some scanty addition to her wardrobe. Thus the bridal paraphernalia, the bales of gold and silver muslins, the feathers, jewels, carved ivory, splendid brocades, exquisite embroidery, and all the rich products of the East, on which our imaginations luxuriate when we read of an Indian marriage, sinks down into a few yards of white saris.

The mode of living in India is exceedingly adverse to bridal tours. Unless the parties should procure the loan of some friend's country mansion, a few miles from Calcutta, they must proceed straight to their own residence; for there are no hotels, no watering-places, and no post-houses—circumstances which detract materially from the éclat of a marriage. The poor bride, instead of enjoying a pleasant excursion, is obliged to remain shut up at home, and her first appearance in public creates very little sensation, probably from the absence of expectation on the score of new garments.

HINTS ON HOUSE-PAINTING.

[By Mr D. R. Hay, house-painter, Edinburgh.—London's Architectural Magazine, August 1835.]

It is well understood that the ceilings and walls of all the apartments of dwelling-houses and other buildings in this country are now almost uniformly finished in plaster, and the nature and properties of this composition are also well known. One of these properties is its power of absorbing moisture, or, in other words, its facility in attracting and imbibing dampness. Consequently, when an apartment is left for any length of time without the benefit of a fire, or of heated air supplied by other means, the plaster will continue to absorb a portion of the dampness from the atmosphere with which the room is filled; and it is natural to suppose, that, when a fire is put on, or heated air is otherwise admitted, this dampness will be gradually given out by exhalation from the plaster. This process of exhalation must affect the durability not only of the plaster itself, but of the woodwork under it, and must also render the apartment much less comfortable than if it had been rendered incapable of such absorption.

It therefore becomes an inquiry of some interest, whether painting or papering is the best adapted to counteract these disadvantages.

The process of painting plaster-work is as follows:—White lead and linseed oil, with a little litharge to facilitate the drying, are mixed together to about the consistency of thin cream; a coating of this being applied, the oil from it is sucked into the plaster in the course of a few hours, leaving the white lead apparently dry upon the surface. In the course of a day or two, when this coat has sufficiently hardened, another is given, a few degrees thicker, the oil from which is partially absorbed according to the nature of the plaster. In the course of a few days more, a third coat is applied. This coat is made pretty thick; and if the absorption of the oil from the second coat has not been great, about one-fourth of spirits of turpentine is added; but where the absorption has been great, a less proportion of spirits of turpentine is employed. Into this coat are put the colouring ingredients, to bring it near the shade intended for the finishing coat. Should the plaster now be thoroughly saturated, the flattening or finishing coat is applied; before this is done, however, a fourth coat, thinned with equal portions of oil and spirits of turpentine, is generally given, particularly where the work is wished to be of the most durable kind. The flattening or finishing coat is composed entirely of paint; that is, of white lead and the colouring ingredients mixed together, and ground in oil to an impalpable paste: this mixture is of a very thick consistency, and must be thinned with spirits of turpentine until it will flow easily from the brush. The spirits of turpentine, being very volatile, evaporate entirely, leaving the surface of the paint of a very compact and hard nature. By this process, the plaster is rendered incapable of absorption; and the surface of it is hardened by the oil which it has sucked in from the first and second coats, and is thereby rendered less liable to breakage, with the great advantage of being washable.

It now remains to be seen whether paper-hangings are equally well adapted to the comfort, cleanliness, and durability of the generality of apartments, as a decoration for plastered walls. Every one knows that paper itself is more or less absorbent, according to its quality. When it is manufactured into paper-hangings, it is washed over with a coating of size colour, equally absorbent with the paper itself, upon which a pattern is stamped with the same material. To prepare the plaster for papering, it receives a coating of a weak solution of glue in water; and the paper, as every one knows, is fixed to the wall by paste. Paper-hangings, therefore, cannot be considered, in a general point of view, as being so well adapted to plastered walls as paint; and there are particular situations in which serious disadvantages attend paper, which a short explanation will make apparent to every one. Take a dining-room for example. The papered wall has nothing in it to resist the absorption of the steam of the dinner, or breaths of the large parties by which it is often crowded: the glue and paste used in paper-hanging must be thereby softened, and the moisture absorbed must, of course, be afterwards gradually given out in connexion with the natural effluvia of these, the former of which all know to be extracted from animal substances, not of the most cleanly nature, until the wall be again thoroughly dry. Besides, a papered wall is liable to be injured past remedy by so common a casualty as the starting of a bottle of table beer, champagne, or soda water.

Lobbies and staircases are sometimes papered, although the practice is not very common in Scotland. This is very objectionable, as the condensation of the atmosphere, which always takes place upon the walls of such apartments on a change of temperature from cold to warmth, must be absorbed, and again given out, as before explained. They are likewise very liable to accidental injuries, and should, therefore, have the hardest and most impervious covering.

In regard to drawing-rooms and bed-rooms, these particular objections to paper-hangings do not apply; yet there are modes of painting drawing-rooms superior, not only in point of utility (to which for the present these observations are confined), but also in effect.

* Dedicated to Great Men, by a grateful Country.

Column for the Boys.

MY DEAR LITTLE BOYS.—Among my various friendly addresses to you, I do not remember having attempted to impress upon you with sufficient force, the danger which you are in of acquiring and nourishing prejudices or views of a narrow-minded and ungenerous character. A narrow-minded feeling is not perhaps in all instances actively vicious, but it should be, if possible, shunned as the source of much disquietude in society, and as frequently leading to that which is injurious both to our own interests and the interests of others.

Young persons who remain in a state of comparative ignorance from want of proper mental cultivation, are usually impregnated with all kinds of absurd prejudices and evil propensities. They have the most ridiculous fears, the most narrow-minded notions. Education at school is understood to be beneficial in stripping away the natural errors of the pupil; but unless the usual routine of school studies be followed up by the perusal of the works of intelligent authors, and unless the young man learn to judge of the actions of mankind by the extensively applicable rule of **CHARITY**, elementary education does not completely fulfil the end for which it is designed.

One of the first prejudices which a boy acquires, is one of self-love. It is the notion that he is the best, the cleverest, the most knowing, and, if chastised for misconduct, the worst-used, of all boys whatever. He has an idea that all mankind should bow down and worship him, or at least minister to his desires without regard to either one thing or another. His next prejudice is, that the place where he was born and dwells is superior in excellence to all other places in the country. His third great leading prejudice is, that the country to which he belongs is the greatest and most-to-be-lauded country in the whole world: he believes that there is no country like it; that it could fight and beat any two nations on the globe; that the people of other countries are a poor, shabby, ignorant race, not nearly so strong or so wise as the people of his country, and are only fit to be despised; and that his country, in short, is the essence of every thing that is excellent and admirable. Now, my dear young friends, all this is the result of sheer narrow-mindedness and want of knowledge. If the boys who think so foolishly would reflect a little, or read a little, or knew a little more of mankind, they would perceive that such notions are both weak and absurd. They would know that there are boys far cleverer and boys much worse used than themselves. They would know that the place of their birth or residence is not only no better than hundreds of other places, but perhaps very much inferior in many points. They would likewise know that their country is not the best of all possible countries: that there are nations who are as virtuous, as courageous, as wise, as worthy of esteem as their own, if not a great deal more so.

There is another prejudice which young people are apt to acquire; it is the prejudice of class or rank. Country boys affect to despise town boys, because they are ignorant of many things connected with the country; and town boys similarly look down upon country boys, because they are perhaps less neatly dressed, or know less of some kind of public or city amusements. Poor boys, also, affect a contempt for boys who belong to wealthier parents; a prejudice which is repaid by the contempt which the sons of the rich have for those who are in poverty. All this is exceedingly bad. Every such prejudice has a tendency to increase in virulence, till at length whole classes of grown men are found holding mean and unworthy opinions of each other.

It is my cordial wish that you should habituate yourselves to the practice of suspending your opinions of any body, of any class, or of the people of any country, till you have read a good deal, gained experience of the world, or have had just cause for forming a mature judgment. I remember believing, along with my juvenile companions, that the French were a puny race of men, not nearly so stout, or well made, or well dressed, as the English and Scotch. I was, indeed, told this by persons who ought to have known better. I can now say, from observation, that the French are by no means the miserable race they have been represented to be. The people who crowd the streets of Paris are as good looking and as well dressed as the people of London or Edinburgh. It is time, therefore, that these aspersions and prejudices should be done away with, both among young and old. Every one among us is also told what a bad class of men the Turks are: they are believed to possess no good qualities whatever. Now, this is likewise an aspersion on national character. A late enlightened traveller, who was not carried away by prejudices, describes the Turks as possessing many excellent qualities. He says they are remarkably charitable, not greedy of wealth, ho-

nest, pious, and innocent in their enjoyments, delighting chiefly in the contemplation of nature, and the attributes of the Deity. They have, it seems, no great hospitals for poor, or for education, as in this country, their rich men preferring to go about relieving the needy with their own hands rather than leaving money for the erection of splendid edifices. They likewise seek out poor old distressed slaves, whom they purchase, and kindly treat for the remainder of their existence. All this, you see, shows fine traits of feeling; and should convince you, that, even among Turks, and what are called heathens, there exist principles of virtue, and a sense of moral responsibility.

By reading the works of travellers and historians, and comparing the facts detailed one with another, you will, I have no doubt, purify your minds from many such prejudices as I have here exemplified. Without reading, you will remain in a hopeless state of ignorance. Make a point of occupying a portion of your leisure hours in reading—not reading frivolous trashy novels, but the productions of respectable travellers, historians, and other writers. Of the various branches of literature which may thus engage your attention, and raise generous emotions in your mind, I consider that you will reap most benefit from the reading of books of history. Unfortunately, most historians dwell too much on descriptions of battles and other military achievements: all such matters, however, you will pass over, in sorrow for the mass of suffering which has from first to last been endured, and devote your attention principally to the causes which conspired to effect the rise and decline of empires, kingdoms, and states—the gradual improvement of the human mind—the origin, progress, and influence of arts and sciences, literature and commerce—the manner in which the privileges you enjoy were established—and how the civilisation and refinement displayed in cities, courts, and senates, rose from small beginnings to their present condition. The reading of these matters will furnish you with an inexhaustible fund of entertainment and instruction, and will have a wonderful tendency in clearing away those illiberal prejudices which narrow the mind, deaden the feelings, and cloud the understanding.

I beg to conclude these observations with a quotation from an excellent author, Bigland, whose letters on history form one of the best works which you could peruse. "Certain prepossessions (says he) take hold of our minds, and domineer over our reason, from our infancy, from the first dawn of thought. They are inspired by systems and establishments, by received customs, by current opinions, and by the conversation and the authority of those who are the nearest and dearest to us, and have the greatest influence over us. Every nation, every religious sect, every class of society, has prejudices peculiar to itself: these prejudices are strengthened by various circumstances; they acquire a deeper root from the books we read, the country we live in, the persons with whom we converse, the station of life in which we are placed, and a thousand other incidents. If we should select a certain number of children, of capacities as nearly equal as possible (for a perfect equality in this respect does not exist), if we should give them all the same education, and place them in the same station of life, whatever trifling difference might be observed in their understandings or acquirements owing to the different degrees of their application and intellectual exertion, or other incidental circumstances, we should still find in all of them (more or less) the same views, the same prejudices, the same current opinions and general ideas. But if, on the contrary, they should be differently educated and disposed of—if one should be made a soldier, another a sailor, the third an husbandman, the fourth a merchant—if another should be placed in a monastery, and enter into one of the religious orders of the church of Rome, another become a minister of some Protestant church—if another should be sent into a Mahometan country, and, after a suitable education, become a mufti of the Mussulman religion—if another should be educated among the Brahmins of India, and the mind of another be formed among the Lamas of Thibetian Tartary, or among the disciples of Confucius, or the worshippers of Foe, in China or Japan, we should then see in their different prejudices, current opinions and general ideas, the full force and influence of external and adventitious circumstances upon the human intellect. If the minds of men could be rendered visible, what different pictures would those persons in their maturer years display! They would exhibit in the most luminous, the most distinct, and the most striking point of view, the full power and effect of national, political, and religious prejudices upon the human mind. These prejudices, diversified by a thousand different shades, some more faintly, others more strongly marked, influence, in a greater or less degree, almost every individual of the human race; but more especially the vulgar and illiterate, the slaves of systems, opinions, and fashions; and their influence is hostile to the improvement of the human mind, as well as to true religion and Christian charity.

Nothing has a greater tendency to eradicate narrow and illiberal prejudices than a general acquaintance with those circumstances and events, which, at different periods, have taken place in the world, and which have, in so decisive a manner, determined the condition and opinions of mankind; and this knowledge the judicious perusal of ancient and modern history communicates. Hence arise extensive views

and just ideas, with which the spirit of persecution and intolerance is incompatible. While the prejudiced individual breathes nothing but intolerance and persecution against [or, at least, speaks spitefully or disrespectfully of] those who happen to differ from himself, the enlightened and benevolent consider the different nations of mankind as living under different dispensations, and resign them all into the hands of that Divine Being, who rules and disposes all things as he thinks fit, and in a manner which our feeble reason is not able to comprehend."

MY ISLAND HOME.

—My verse's tuneless jingle
With Thule's sounding tides shall mingle,
While to the ear of wondering wight
Upon the distant headland height,
Softened by murmur of the sea,
The rude sound seems like harmony!—SCOTT.

My Island Home! I love thee well,
Despite the rugged shore;
Thy rocks of gladsome moments tell,
Fled to return no more.
They speak of joys' unclouded light—
Of sorrows, scarce less dear;
Of laughing moments' rapid flight—
Affliction's balmy tear.

My Island Home! I love thee well,
Despite thy barren plains:
They'll tell of early hours of bliss,
While memory remains.
'Tis true they also speak of grief;
Yet not for aught below
Would I forego those dreams of youth,
Though early tinged by woe.

My Island Home! I love thee well,
Despite thy cloudy skies;
In thy calm twilight's clear-obscure
What varied thoughts arise!
Even thy wild storms possess a charm;
Thy ocean's circling foam
To Thule's child can bring no dread—
They speak of peace and home.

My Island Home! my childhood's home!
Beyond far fairer lands,
'Tis thou, despite thine aspect wild,
That all my love demands:
The visions of the lov'd and lost
Are blended with each scene;
And memory lives to linger o'er
Each spot where bliss hath been.

Lerwick.

C. G.

A PRUDENT GULL.—The family of H. Peter, Esq. of Harlyn, on the north coast of Cornwall, one morning at breakfast-time, threw a piece of bread out of the window to a stray sea-gull, which happened to have made its appearance at the moment: the bird ate the bread and flew away. The next day, at the same hour, he appeared again, was again fed, and departed. From this time, for a period of eighteen years, the gull never failed to show himself at the window every morning at the same hour, and to stalk up and down till he had received his meal (a basin of bread and milk), when he instantly took his leave till the next morning. The only time he omitted to do this was during the period of the pilchards being on the coast, which lasted about six weeks in each year; and at this time he omitted his morning visit. At length he brought one of his own species with him to partake of his meal; and they continued to come together daily for about a fortnight, when they suddenly disappeared, and were never seen afterwards.—*Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.*

A FOOLISH CUSTOM REVISED.—Sir Gilbert Heathcote being one night in company with the minister, Sir Robert Walpole, at his house, and being asked what he would like for supper, made free to mention beef steaks and oyster sauce. After supper an hour or two was spent in conversation over a glass of good wine: at last Sir Gilbert rose to bid his friend good-night; but in passing into the hall, he found it lined with the liveried attendants of the minister, to whom he now turned and asked, "Pray, Sir Robert, be so good as to point out which of these I am to pay for my beef steak?" Sir Robert, taking the hint, gave the signal for the servants to withdraw immediately.

IMITATION.—Sir Joshua Reynolds continually deprecated imitation, as the ruin of rising ability, as an impediment which if talent raises for itself, at once and for ever limits its progress. "We have a host of players of the Garrick school," said he, "and not one of them can ever rise to eminence, because they are of the Garrick school. If one man always walks behind another, how can he ever equal him, still more get before him?"—*Monthly Magazine.*

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